Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies *Richard* murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
One raisde in bloud, and one in bloud established:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
One that hath euer beene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:

Then

Then in the name of God and all th
Aduance your standards draw you
For me, the ransome of my bold at
Shall be this cold corps on the ear
But if I thriue, the gaine of my atte
The least of you shall share his par
Sound drums and trumpets boldl
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*,
Enter King Richard, Rat
King. What said *Northumberlan*
Rat. That he was neuer train'd
King. He said the truth, and w
Rat. He smiled and said, the b
King. He was in the right, and
Tell the clocke there
Giue me a Kalender, who saw the
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shi
He should haue brau'd the East a
A blacke day will it be to some b
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be
The skie doth frowne and lowre
I would these deawie teares were
Not shine to day: why, what is t
More then to *Richmond*? for the
That frownes on me looke sadl
Enter Norfolk
Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord,
King. Come, bustle, bustle, c
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him b
I will lead forth my souldiers to
And thus my battell shall be or
My fore-ward shall be drawne i
Consisting equally of horse an
Our Archers shall be placed in
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thoma*
Shall haue the leading of the f
They thus directed, we will fol

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